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THE Poetical Miscellany.

THE WISH.

Wherever you dwell may content be your lot,
And friendship, like ivy, encircle your cot;
May each rosy morn dress'd in mantles of peace,
Shed health o'er your dwelling, your blessings increase,
May gay smiling plenty adorn the fair spot,
May sorrow ne'er enter the door of your cot;
May your honest endeavours be crown'd with success:
May you ever live happy; ne'er witness distress;
On your neat humble roof may these blessings descend,
'Tis a wish free from guile, 'tis the wish of a FRIEND.

To Mrs. A. V. F.

THE
Poetical Miscellany.



THE
Poetical Miscellany;

CONSISTING OF
SELECT PIECES.

From the Works of the following Poets,
viz.

MILTON,
DRYDEN,
POPE,
ADDISON,
GAY,
FARNEL,
YOUNG,
THOMSON,

AKENSIDE,
PHILIPS,
GRAY,
WHARTON,
SHAKESPEARE,
GOLDSMITH,
WILKIE,
&c. &c.

For the Use of SCHOOLS.

The THIRD EDITION, with Improvements.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. STRAHAN; and T. CADELL,
in the Strand. 1778.

Political Miscellany;

SELECT PICTURES

From the Works of the following Authors

THOMSON	W. L. G.
YOUNG	W. L. G.
WATSON	W. L. G.
WATSON	W. L. G.
WATSON	W. L. G.
WATSON	W. L. G.
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WATSON	W. L. G.
WATSON	W. L. G.

For the Use of Students

The Third Edition, with Amendments



LONDON:

Printed for W. STRAID, and J. CARR, in the Strand, 1778.

THE
P R E F A C E.

NOTHING, surely, can be more absurd or ridiculous, than the common Practice of making such young Gentlemen as are not designed for any of the learned Professions, drudge for seven or eight Years in order to acquire a smattering in two dead Languages. Part of the Time which is thus wasted, might, certainly, be profitably employed in making them acquainted with some of our best English poets. The Collection which is here offered to the Public was made with this View. Such Masters as think proper to make Use of it, may, in the Editor's Opinion, make it subservient to several important Purposes in Education. They will have an Opportunity of pointing out to their Pupils the peculiar and distinguishing Beauties of some of the most emi-

P R E F A C E.

nent of our Poets, of making them acquainted with the Force and Beauty of their Language, and of impressing upon their Minds many noble Sentiments upon some of the noblest and most important Subjects.

YOUNG Persons are, in general, fond of Poetry; and when the Language of the Poet is easy and familiar to them, they readily enter into his Sentiments. This Fondness the judicious Master will not fail to cherish, and he may make it turn greatly to the Advantage of his Pupil.

THE Editor thinks it unnecessary to make any Apology for a Work of this kind, being persuaded that every sensible and unprejudiced Parent will be better pleased to hear his Son repeat fifty Lines of *Milton*, *Pope*, *Young*, or *Thomson*, than five hundred of *Ovid* or *Virgil*.

THE CONTENTS.

<i>ODE on the Glories of the Heavens</i>	Page 1
<i>David's Pastoral Hymn on Providence</i>	2
<i>Hymn on Gratitude</i>	3
<i>Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the Universe</i>	6
<i>Hope implanted in the human Breast, as an ear- nest of future Bliss.</i>	8
<i>The Unreasonableness of Man's complaints against Providence</i>	9
<i>The Works of God, One entire Whole, where all the Parts have a necessary Dependance on, and Relation to each other</i>	11
<i>The Omnipresence of God, and Submission to his Providence.</i>	13
<i>The Origin, Use, and End of the Passions</i>	14
<i>The whole Universe one System of Society</i>	22
<i>Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts</i>	24
<i>Happiness to be found in Virtue alone</i>	25
<i>Men to be known only by their Ruling Passion</i>	27
<i>Advice to the Fair Sex, for their true Interest</i>	29
<i>The Passion of the Groves</i>	30
	The

C O N T E N T S.

<i>The Influence of Spring on Man</i>	Page 35
<i>The Joys of virtuous Love</i>	36
<i>Description of the Dawn, and Sun-rising</i>	39
<i>The impious Presumption of taxing creative Wisdom</i>	41
<i>A Cataract</i>	42
<i>A Storm of Thunder and Lightning</i>	43
<i>A Panegyric on Great Britain</i>	45
<i>The Blessings of Industry</i>	52
<i>A Harvest Storm</i>	56
<i>The Barbarity of Shooting and Hunting</i>	58
<i>A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting, with Advice to the Fair Sex.</i>	60
<i>A Panegyric on a Philosophical Country Life</i>	65
<i>A Man perishing in the Snow, with Reflections on the Miseries of human Life</i>	70
<i>A Winter-Evening described, as spent by the Country People, and in the City</i>	73
<i>Moral Reflections on a future State</i>	74
<i>The Ideas of the divine Mind, the Origin of every Quality pleasing to the Imagination, &c.</i>	76
<i>The different Degrees of Beauty in different Species of Objects, &c.</i>	80
<i>The Oeconomy of Providence</i>	84
<i>The Origin of Vice</i>	86
<i>The general Sources of Ridicule in the Characters of Men, with the final Cause of the Sense of it</i>	88
<i>The benevolent Order of the World, illustrated in the arbitrary Connection of Pleasure with the Object which excites it</i>	92
<i>The</i>	The

C O N T E N T S.

<i>The Advantages resulting from a well-form'd Imagination</i>	Page 94
<i>Man's Disobedience—Loss of Paradise—Satan driven out of Heaven</i>	97
<i>Satan lying on the burning Lake</i>	98
<i>Pandemonium</i>	100
<i>Satan's Speech to the Sun.</i>	101
<i>Eve gives an Account of herself upon her first Creation</i>	104
<i>Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker</i>	106
<i>The Messiah surrounded with an Host of Angels, goes forth in the Power of his Father, to perform the Work of Creation</i>	108
<i>The Messiah returns to Heaven, and takes a Survey of his Work</i>	109
<i>Adam gives an Account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation</i>	110
<i>Adam describes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude</i>	112
<i>Adam's Joy and Gratitude upon the Discovery of a Creature resembling the Apparition presented to him in his Dream</i>	115
<i>Satan's Soliloquy after traversing the Globe, and examining the Nature of every Creature</i>	117
<i>Eve addresses herself to Adam for Pardon—their Reconciliation, &c.</i>	120
<i>Our first Parents offer up their penitential Prayers on the very Place where their Judge appeared</i>	

C O N T E N T S.

peared to them, when he pronounced their Sentence	Page 122.
Eve's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of Paradise	123
Adam's Speech to Michael, &c.	ibid.
Our Saviour's Reply to Satan, when tempted by him in the Wilderness	125
Description of a horrid Night, which Satan is feigned to have conjured up in the Wilderness	127
False Greatness	129
True Monarchy	130
True Riches	132
The Splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton	135
A Hymn to Contentment	140
A Night-Piece on Death	142
The Hermit	146
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient English Stile	154
Health; an Eclogue	162
Reflections on Time, Eternity, the last Day, &c.	165
The Young Lady and the Looking Glass. A Fable	175
The Boy and the Rainbow. A Fable	178
The Rake and the Hermit. A Fable	181
The Miser and Plutus. A Fable	186
The Monkey who had seen the World. A Fable	188
The sick Man and the Angel. A Fable	190
The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud. A Fable	192
The Father and Jupiter. A Fable	193
The Hare and many Friends. A Fable	195
The Squire and his Cur. A Fable	197
The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly. A Fable	204
The	

C O N T E N T S.

<i>The Village Preacher</i>	Page 209
<i>A Ballad</i>	211
<i>Colin and Lucy</i>	218
<i>Ode to a Lady, on the Death of Col. Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May, 1745</i>	221
<i>The Mouse's Petition. Found in the Trap where he had been confined all Night.</i>	223
<i>The Parting of Hector and Andromache</i>	226
<i>Elegy to a young Nobleman, leaving the Uni- versity</i>	231
<i>The World compared to a Stage</i>	233
<i>The Power of Imagination</i>	235
<i>The Vanity of Human Nature</i>	236
<i>Concealed Love</i>	ibid.
<i>Real Grief</i>	237
<i>A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel</i>	ibid.
<i>Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death</i>	238
<i>Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul</i>	239
<i>A Contemplation on Night</i>	240
<i>A Thought on Eternity</i>	242
<i>Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Music; an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day</i>	244
<i>Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day</i>	251
<i>The Character of a good Parson, imitated from Chaucer</i>	256
<i>On Sheep-shearing—Song on that Occasion, &c.</i>	261
<i>Recommendation of Mercifulness to Animals</i>	267
<i>Few Dyes the natural Product of England—the Advantages and Necessity of Trade, &c.</i>	268
	Recom-

CONTENTS.

<i>Recommendation of Labour</i>	Page 270
<i>Country Workhouses proposed—a Description of one—good Effects of Industry exemplified, &c.</i>	272
<i>Reflections on the Slave-Trade</i>	276
<i>Grongar Hill</i>	277
<i>Ode to the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon</i>	282
<i>Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College</i>	292
<i>Hymn to Adversity</i>	295
<i>Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold-fishes</i>	297
<i>A Pipe of Tobacco : In Imitation of six several Authors</i>	299
<i>The Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature</i>	306
<i>An Ode on Fancy</i>	315
<i>To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of King GEORGE I.</i>	320
<i>Character of Atticus</i>	323
<i>An Address to the Deity</i>	324
<i>Another Address to the Deity</i>	ibid.
<i>A Hymn</i>	325
<i>Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue</i>	329



T H E
Poetical Miscellany.

ODE on the Glories of the Heavens.

ADDISON

I.

TH E spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

B

Whilst

2 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball !
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is Divine."

David's Pastoral HYMN on Providence.

ADDISON.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;

To

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 3

To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN on Gratitude. ADDISON.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:

4 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII. When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 5

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

6 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Of the Nature and State of MAN, with respect to the Universe. POPE.

SAY first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?
Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 7

Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains :
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God :
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not, Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought :
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space.

8 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there;
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

*Hope implanted in the human Breast, as an
Earnest of future Bliss.* POPE.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book
of Fate,

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 9

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never Is, but always To be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

The Unreasonableness of Man's Complaints against Providence. POPE.

WHAT would this Man? Now upward
will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

10 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say, what their use, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all?
The bliss of Man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscöpic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. II

*The Works of God, One entire Whole, where
all the Parts have a necessary Dependence on,
and Relation to, each other.* POPE.

FA R as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lions between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine;
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Sense from thought divide?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

12 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of Being ! which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee,
 From thee to Nothing.—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours :
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike,
 And, if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the Whole must fall.
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky ;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their center nod,
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom ? for thee ?
 Vile worm !—oh Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !
 What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 13

Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

*The Omnipresence of God, and Submission to his
Providence.* POPE.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit. — In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :

Safe

14. The POETICAL MISCELLANY:

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony, not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT:

The Origin, Use, and End of the Passions.

POPE.

TWO Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.

Sedate

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 15

Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh:
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r;
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;

Passions;

16 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accoorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.

All

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 17

All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong, or weak, the organs of the frame ;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came ;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r ;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sow'r.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !

18 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak Passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

The eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passion shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

What

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 19

What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame ?
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :
Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine ;
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use ;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice.
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?

Ask

20 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the
Tweed ;

In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still ;
Each individual seeks a several goal ;
But HEAVEN's great view is One, and that the
Whole.

That counterworks each folly and caprice ;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd ;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

Fear

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 21

ear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy, that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:

See

22 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

See some fit Passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure other's wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD is WISE.

The whole Universe one System of Society.

POPE.

LOOK round our world ; behold the chain of
Love
Combining all below and all above.

See

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 23

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace,
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again :
All forms that perish other forms supply,
By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;
All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry-lawn :
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain,

Thine

24 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
" See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

*Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention
of Arts.* POPE.

SEE him from Nature rising slow to Art !
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part ;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
" Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets
yield ;
" Learn from the beasts the physick of the field ;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here to all forms of social union find,
" And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind :
" Here subterranean works and cities see ;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each small People's genius, policies,
" The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees ;
" How

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 25

“ How these in common all their wealth bestow,
“ And Anarchy without confusion know;
“ And these for ever, tho’ a Monarch reign,
“ Their sep’rate cells and properties maintain,
“ Mark what unvary’d laws preserve each state,
“ Laws wise as nature, and as fix’d as Fate.
“ In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
“ Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
“ And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
“ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too
“ strong.
“ Yet go! and thus o’er all the creatures sway,
“ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
“ And for those Arts mere instinct could afford,
“ Be crown’d as Monarchs, or as Gods ador’d.”

Happiness to be found in Virtue alone. POPE.

K NOW then this truth (enough for Man to
know)

“ Virtue alone is Happiness below.”

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only Merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequall’d, if its end it gain,

And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, tho’ e’er so bless’d,

And but more relish’d as the more distress’d:

26 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants, in Man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)

Wife

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 27

Wife is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss, but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: But human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next all human race ;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Men to be known only by their Ruling Passion.

POPE.

SEARCH then the RULING PASSION : There,
alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known ;

28 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The Fool consistent and the False sincere ;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confess.
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose Ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies ;
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough, if all around him but admire,
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
 And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
 His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant Bounty, which no friend has made ;
 An angel Tongue which no man can persuade !
 A Fool with more of Wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd :
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 29

Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.

Advice to the Fair Sex, for their true Interest.

POPE.

AH! Friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart
be thine!

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
Ring,

Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to day;
She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

30 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The Passion of the Groves. THOMSON.

AS rising from the vegetable world,
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all their gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody

Into my varied verse! while I deduce,

From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,

The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme

Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the Groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,

Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart

Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,

In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;

And try again the long-forgotten strain,

At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,

Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows

In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,

Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings

Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts

Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse

Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush

Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads

Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,

Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush

And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng

Superior

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 31

Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innumerable songsters, in the fresh'ning shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, ~~the~~ around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,

32 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That NATURE's *great command* may be obey'd;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble Off-spring: The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,

Clean

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 33

Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. 'Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour : O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young ;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn ; exalting love,
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,

34 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive,
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns

Robb'd,

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 35

Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night ; and on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at ev'ry dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe ; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

The influence of Spring on Man. THOMSON.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' insusive force of Spring on Man ;
When Heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid Sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmest beam ; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invoc'd,
Can restless goodness wait ; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;

36 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race!—In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure Serenity apace
 Induces thought, and Contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world!

The Joys of virtuous Love. THOMSON.

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 37

Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
 Mean-time a smiling off-spring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 The infant reason grows apace, and calls

For

38 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breath th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy ; ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Description of the Dawn, and Sun rising.

THOMSON.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins*
are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek ey'd Morn appears, Mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, aukward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The

40 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ?
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !
 Or else to cherish vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than Nature craves, when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
 Assant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks and hills, and towers, and wandering
 streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light !
 Of all material beings first, and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

*The impious Presumption of taxing creative
Wisdom.* THOMSON.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the Man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things?
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

A CATARACT. THOMSON.

THUS up the mount in airy vision rapt,
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking
 back,

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Assant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild inflected course, and lessened roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

A Storm

A Storm of Thunder and Lightning.

THOMSON.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm,
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
 Prone to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
 Descend: The tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by Man forfook,
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis

44 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie.
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 45

The venerable tower, and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowdon's* peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thulé* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

A Panegyric on Great Britain. THOMSON.

HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads
around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays!
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd

46 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy vallies float
 With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides
 Bellow the blackening herds in luffy droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art ;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy gen'rous youth,
 By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
 Or on the lifted plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 47

The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace when govern'd well,
Combine! whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
Names dear to fame, the first who deep impress'd
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,
And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's vengeful rage,
Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;
RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*! whose breast
with all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.

Then,

48 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison hours enrich the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land !
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd
 blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the † BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled ;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love

† ALGERNON SYDNEY.

Of

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 49

Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful *Sages*, and in noble *Bards*;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade
 Kind nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloyster'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
 The generous * ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart,
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftesbury.

50 THE POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THE great CREATOR sought? and why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let NEWTON, *pure intelligence*, whom GOD
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who like a copious river pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,

Like

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 51

Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd when dress'd in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once, the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU! by whose almighty Nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
In bright patrol: white *Peace* and social *Love*;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,

52 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

The Blessings of Industry. THOMSON.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough
power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raifer of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all,
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort

Of

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 53

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But still advancing bolder, led him on,
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

54 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THEN gathering Men their natural powers combin'd,

And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented *Whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search to such
As for themselves alone themselves had rais'd

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public
walk

The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded
street

With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!

Chose

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 55

Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings,
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with
oak,

To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas
smooth,

With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breath,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

36. The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

A Harvest Storm. THOMSON.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
 But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.

Red,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 57

Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year:
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice;
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all involving winds have swept away.

58 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The Barbarity of Shooting and Hunting.

THOMSON.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded
horn,

Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* :
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose;
Out-stretch'd and finely sensible, *draws full*,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret-eye,
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, intangled more and more :
Nor on the furies of the boundless air,
Tho' born triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling, various down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such, her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-chearful barbarous game of death;

†

This

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 59

This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most insuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd; the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thirsty lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew

60 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The fighting gale, she springs aloud, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once :
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
O'er weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting, with Advice to the Fair Sex.

THOMSON.

—GIVE, ye BRITONS, then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost ;

Then

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 61

Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chace ;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur,
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats *Thessalian* Centaurs never knew,
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoaking firloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,
 Relating all the glories of the chace.
 Then sated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*

Produce

62 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
 Of *Maia* to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light effulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smok,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick
 dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon ; while romp-loving mis
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle : and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme ! from horses,
 hounds,

To

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 63

To church or mistress, politics or ghost;
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd
hounds

Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT

64 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man.
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,

And

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 65

And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd Home Man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the blifs,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
'This be the female dignity and praise.

A Panegyric on a philosophical Country Life.

THOMSON.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not!
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
From him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death! What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,

Or

66 THE POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state !
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope ;
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the
 bough

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear,
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unfollied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LET others brave the floods in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,

Rush

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 67.

Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
 Unpiero'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct ; and *that* ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race ; and *those* of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals delight ;
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year ;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He,

68 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too, and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone

Extatic

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 69

Extatic shine ; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man !

OH NATURE ! all-sufficient over all !
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way : the mineral *Strata* there ;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals ; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye :
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition ; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook

And

70 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
And let me never never stray from THEE!

*A Man perishing in the Snow, with Reflections
on the Miseries of human Life.*

THOMSON.

AS thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow! and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head

Renders

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 471

Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, un-
known,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. 'Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

A little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

And

72 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop,
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,

And

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 73

And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still the social passions work.

*A Winter-Evening described, as spent by the
Country People, and in the City.*

THOMSON.

MEAN-TIME the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm'd with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.

E

Up.

74 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp !
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
 DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET
 stalks ;

OTHELLO rages ; poor MONIMIA mourns ;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek : or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd.

Moral Reflections on a future State.

THOMSON.

'TIS done !—dread WINTER spreads his latest
 glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

* A Character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written
 by Sir RICHARD STEELE,

How

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 75

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man !
See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares, those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering
thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
All now are vanish'd ! VIRTUE sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high.—And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven, and earth ! awakening Nature hears
The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
Canfounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
And WISDOM oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd neglected : why the good Man's share

76 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest !
 Ye noble few ? who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil is no more :
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

*The Ideas of the divine Mind, the Origin of
 every Quality pleasing to the Imagination, &c.*

AKENSIDE.

— **E**RE the radiant sun
 Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night,
 The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;
 Then liv'd th' almighty ONE : then deep retir'd
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
 The forms eternal of created things ;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 77

The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling
globe,

And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration : till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ;
Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold ;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active pow'rs of man ; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different byas, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heav'n : to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse : others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs ; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes

78 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the fire omnipotent unfolds
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read
 The transcript of himself. On every part
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
 In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
 That uncreated beauty, which delights
 The mind supreme. *They* also feel her charms,
 Enamour'd; *they* partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
 By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
 Consenting, founded thro' the warbling air
 Unbidden strains; even so did nature's hand,
 To certain species of eternal things,
 Attune the finer organs of the mind:
 So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,
 Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
 The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
 Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
 From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
 They catch the spreading rays: till now the soul
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,
 To that harmonious movement from without
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
 Diffuses its inehantment: fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,

And

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 79

And vales of bliss: the intellectual pow'r
 Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
 And smiles; the passions gently sooth'd away,
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
 Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
 As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
 Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
 Whose candid bosom the refining love
 Of nature warms, Oh! listen to my song;
 And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.
 Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
 With love and admiration thus inflames
 The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
 Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses; the *sublime*,
 The *wonderful*, the *fair*. I see them dawn:
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

*The different Degrees of Beauty in different
Species of Objects, &c.* AKENSIDE.

THUS with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Advent'rous to delineate nature's form;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
 Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains
 Thro' various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree
 The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determin'd shape,
 Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
 Unites this various symmetry of parts
 With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
 Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
 Her genial pow'r, to draw with pregnant veins
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
 In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flow'rs
 Their purple honours with the spring resume;
 And

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 81

And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
In nature's charm, where the full consent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul :
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager air and joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of the mind :
By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose pow'r,
Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
MIND, MIND alone, bear witness, earth and
heav'n !

The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime : here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces ; here inthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense ;
And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate

82 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud.
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail!
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free?—Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams from other's woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace-with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?
 Once more search undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
 Then to the secrets of the working mind
 Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call

Her fleet, ideal band ; and bid them, go !
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heav'ns created : then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts ?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse ; dull their charms,
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye,
 Not so the moral species, nor the pow'rs
 Of genius and design ; th' ambitious mind
 There sees herself : by these congenial forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
 She bends her nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
 Her features in the mirror. For of all
 Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye,
 To truth's eternal measures ; thence to frame
 The sacred laws of action and of will,
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting reason, the benignant fire,
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
 Has added bright imagination's rays :
 Where virtue rising from the awful depth
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 The unadorn'd condition of her birth ;
 And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,

84 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
 Th' ingenuous youth whom solitude inspires
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder: while among
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour, or in act serene,
 Yet watchful raises the majestic sword
 Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach
 To guard the sacred volume of the law.

The Economy of Providence. AKENSIDE.

INHABITANT of earth, to whom is giv'n
 The gracious ways of providence to learn,
 Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear——
 Know then the sovereign spirit of the world,
 Tho' self-collected from eternal time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The bounds of true felicity compleat;
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
 To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
 And founded thro' the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 85

These heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life
 Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
 From him each portion of the vital flame,
 In measure such, that from the wide complex
 Of coexistent orders, *one* might rise,
One order, all involving and intire.
 He too beholding in the sacred light
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes
 Of swift contingency, all successive ties
 Of action propagated thro' the sum
 Of possible existence, he at once,
 Down the long series of eventful time,
 So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
 To every living soul of every kind,
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,
 That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 To universal good : with full accord
 Answering the mighty model he had chos'n,
 The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds
 That lay from everlasting in the store
 Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
 By *one* exertion of creative pow'r
 His goodness to reveal ; thro' every age,
 Thro' every moment up the tract of time
 His parent-hand with ever-new increase
 Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
 The vast harmonious frame : his parent-hand,
 From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to celestial minds

For

86 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

For ever leads the generations on
 To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
 From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
 As bodies to their proper centre move,
 As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main;
 So all things which have life aspire to God,
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
 Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright; nor is the care of heav'n withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid;
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

The Origin of Vice. AKENSIDE.

— — — **F**OR since the course
 Of things external acts in different ways
 On human apprehensions, as the hand
 Of nature temper'd to a different frame
 Peculiar minds; so haply where the pow'rs
 Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 87

The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature ; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil ; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd ;
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him ; nought but death-bed
groans

And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth ? Alas ! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country ; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the sacred voice
Of justice on her throne, nor ought that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame ;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to *betray* his country ? And in act
Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live ?
Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,

That

88 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurn him from the throne ;
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul : thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murd'rous dagger ; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey : thus all the
 plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic muse discloses, under shapes
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. —

The general Sources of Ridicule in the Characters of Men, with the final Cause of the Sense of it.

AKENSIDE.

BEHOLD the foremost band ; of slender
 thought,
And easy faith ; whom flatt'ring fancy sooths
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
And bid the world admire ! but chief the glance

Of

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 89

Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb
With formal-band, and fable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendour, steely spikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port
Of stately valour; list'ning by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulph'rous mines, and ambush: then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wond'ring question of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of heav'n! Nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band.

Then

90 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Then comes the second order ; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching : one a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death ; yet still she stuns
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale ?
 How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love,
 And man's seducing tongue ! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
 And sordid all his habit ; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
 The praise of spotless honour : let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits

Of

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 91

Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

Thro' ev'ry scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenor of my devious lay ;
Thro' every swift occasion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her sallying nerves and choaks her tongue ;
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil ? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the pow'r of ridicule displays
Her quaint-eye'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer : whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity are wont to dwell,
Or whether these with violation loath'd,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperial mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end, th' almighty fire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure ? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly ? Tho' the light
Of truth slow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, thro' many a subtle tie,

How

92 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil ! yet benignant heav'n,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands ; conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care, the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature ; therefore stamp'd
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn
 As broad, as obvious to the passing clown,
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

*The Benevolent Order of the World, illustrated
 in the arbitrary Connection of Pleasure with
 the Object which excites it.*

AKENSIDE.

BY what fine ties hath God connected things
 When present in the mind ; which in them-
 selves

Have no connection ? Sure the rising sun,
 O'er the cærulean convex of the sea,
 With equal brightness, and with equal warmth
 Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow'rs
 Exulting in the splendour she beholds ;
 Like a young conqu'ror moving thro' the pomp
 Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,

Soft.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 93

Soft-murm'ring streams and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Thro' all its tones the symphony pursue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal thro' his veins and fan th' awaken'd heart;
Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the song?

But were not nature still indow'd at large
With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
With such enchantment? Wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With such æthereal sweetness? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
Th' impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear: well-pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth:
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,

Nor

94 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time :
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprize, by secret-spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild : with streams and shades,
 And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

*The Advantages resulting from a well form'd
 Imagination.* AKENSIDE.

O H! blest of heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
 Of mortal off-spring can attain the height
 Of envy'd life : tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,

With

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 95

With richer treasures and an ampler state
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the filken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds : for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only : for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home ;
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

But

96 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form, where negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs ?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
 Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what th' eternal maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man : we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine : he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan ;
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

Man's

*Man's Disobedience—Loss of Paradise—Satan
driven out of Heaven.* MILTON.

SAY first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy
view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,

F

Con-

Confounded tho' immortal: But his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness huge affliction and dismay
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation wasse and wild;
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious, here their pris on ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

Satan lying on the burning Lake. MILTON.

THUS Satan talking to his nearest mate
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge

As

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 99

As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
 Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
 So stretch'd out huge at length the Arch-Fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heav'n
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and
 roll'd
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight

100 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoke : Such resting found the
 sole
 Of unblest feet.——

Pandemonium. MILTON.

ANON out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave ; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculpture graven ;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their Gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove

In

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 101

In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height, and strait the doors
Opening their brazen folds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement : from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded light
As from a sky. —

Satan's Speech to the Sun. MILTON.

O THOU that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king:
Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,

How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; list'd up so high
 I sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me tho' mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst; whom hast thou then or what t' accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 103

To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd ambition swore? ease would recall
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow,
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us out-cast, exil'd his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.

104 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear
Farewel remorse: All good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

*Eve gives an Account of herself upon her first
Creation.* MILTON.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flowers, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmur'ing sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
With

With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led ?
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan ; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image : back I turn'd ;
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou ? whom thou fly'st, of him thou
 art,

His flesh, his bone ; to give thee be'ing I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half : with that thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine ; I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excel'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

*Adam and Eve, in a morning Hymn, call upon
all the Parts of the Creation to join with
them in extolling their common Maker.*

MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of
good,

Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn.
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon,

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 107

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

108 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

*The Messiah, surrounded with an host of Angels,
goes forth in the Power of his Father, to
perform the Work of Creation. MILTON.*

— **M**EAN while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd,
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs
Outrageous

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 109

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou, deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end :
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;
For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things :
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world.

*The Messiah returns to Heaven, and takes a
Survey of his Work. MILTON.*

HERE finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good ;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day :
Yet not till the Creator from his work

Desisting,

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Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
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Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd,
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss

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Desisting,

110 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created world
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world.

*Adam gives an Account of his Condition and
 Sentiments immediately after his Creation.*

MILTON.

— A S new wak'd from foundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,

And

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 111

And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
 Tell, if you saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in pow'r præminent;
 Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank profuse of flowers
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep

First

112 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being.

*Adam describes a Conference which he held with
 his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude.*

MILTON.

O BY what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought that mankind
 higher,
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
 What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? they also know,
 And

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 113

And reason not contemptibly ; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule ; thy realm is large.
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set ?

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight ?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd ; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike : Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort ; they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness ;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd ;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape ;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd.
A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state ?

Seem

114 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
But in degree the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But Man by number is so manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his Like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
Of union or communion, desir'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 115

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
'This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still; I, e'er thou spak'st
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

*Adam's Joy and Gratitude upon the Discovery
of a Creature resembling the Apparition pre-
sented to him in his Dream.* MILTON.

WHEN out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites;

Grace

116 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego
Father and Mother, and to' his wife adhere ;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd ;
I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,

Disporting,

Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

*Satan's Soliloquy after traversing the Globe, and
examining the Nature of every Creature.*

MILTON.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee centering all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centering receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! but I none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see

Pleasures

118 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
 For only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
 What he Almighty stil'd, six nights and days
 Continued making, and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer than since I in one night freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 119

Exalted from so base original.

With heavenly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built

Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!

Subjected to his service Angel wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend

Their earthly charge: Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus rapt in mist

Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find

The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.

O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd

Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,

That to the highth of deity aspir'd;
But what will not ambition and revenge

Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last

To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils;

Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next

Provokes my envy, this new fav'rite
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despise,

Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

Eve

*Eve addresses herself to Adam for Pardon—
their Reconciliation, &c.* MILTON.

HE added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not
flowing,

And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heaven
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable; both have sinn'd, but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,

There

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 121

There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair, his reconciliation seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd; his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

Our first Parents offer up their penitential Prayers on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them, when he pronounced their sentence.

MILTON.

WHAT better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate
fall

Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone.

So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

Eve's

*Eve's Complaint, upon bearing that she was to
be removed from the Garden of Paradise.*

MILTON.

MUST I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and
shades,

Fit haunt of Gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, or water from th' ambrosial fount ?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd,
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits ?

Adam's Speech to Michael, &c. MILTON.

CELESTIAL, whether among the Thrones,
or nam'd
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
G 2 Prince

124 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us ; what besides
 Of sorrow and dejection and despair
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes, all places else
 Inhospitable appear and desolate,
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries:
 But pray'r against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown flitting back on him that breathes it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits and flowers:

In

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 125

In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

*Our Saviour's Reply to Satan, when tempted
by him in the wilderness. MILTON.*

TO whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd :
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of Fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
praise?
They praise, and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God

126 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,
 When to extend his fame, thro' Heav'n and Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
 He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?
 Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their Conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worship'd with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
 One is the son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other;
 Till conqu'ror Death discovers them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory ought of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence;

By

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 127

By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance ; I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a land and times obscure ;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job* ?
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable ?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd ; if young *African* for fame
His wasted country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward,
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek
Oft not deserv'd ? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

*Description of a horrid Night, which Satan is
feigned to have conjured up in the Wilderness.*

MILTON.

— **D**ARKNESS now arose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
Her shad'wy off-spring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.

Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd fore,

128 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might
shield

From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd; and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt; water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vast Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terrors there,
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some
shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unapal'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice grey;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly Spectres which the Fiends had rais'd,
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

False

False Greatness. DR. WATTS.

I.

MY *LO*, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large Estate,
Should all the treasures of the *West*
Meet, and conspire to make him Great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beams with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb the tree,
When *Cræsus* mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

III.

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know ;
 His true dimensions and his weight
 Are far inferior to their show.
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measur'd by my Soul :
 The mind's the standard of the man.

True Monarchy. Dr. WATTS.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious *Gaul*
 Stretch his dominion, while a hundred
 Towns

Crouch to the victor : but a steady soul
 Stands firm on it's own base, and reigns as wide,
 As absolute ; and sways ten thousand slaves,
 Lusts and wild fancies with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom ; but the man
 That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,
 Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
 Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
 Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well appointed guards
 Create a monarch, not a purple robe
 Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
 Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 131

Tho' gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars,
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears it's own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. - In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom: sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around,
And shine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

132 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crouding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust : Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown;

True Riches. Dr. WATTS.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do :
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day ;
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own :
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose ;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.

When

When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as *Eden's* happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of nobler taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:

'Tis

134 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of *Peru* ;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden *Indies* are ;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age ;
Harts, or Horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it halfway o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence :
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t'herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or *Tyrian* dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store.
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The Splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton.
 PHILLIPS.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and
 strife,

In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling : He nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale ;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To *Juniper's*, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs :
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or *Phillis* ; he each circling glass
 Wisbeth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Mean while he smoaks and laughs at merry tale,
 Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
 (Wretched repast !) my meagre corps sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming scent :
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwallader* and *Arthur*, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he

O'er

136 THE POETICAL MISCELLANY.

O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' *Arvonian* mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient town
Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful soil,
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a *Dunn*,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What shall I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! his faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper, solemnly he waves,
With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him
stalks

Another

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 137

Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms
Erst have endu'd, if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of money, *Pallas* sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: She secret stands
Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, nor arms, nor shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,

And

138 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree :
 Mean while, I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale :
 In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 139

Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough furrow'd coat secure,
Nor *Medlar*, fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Crobian* waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire-chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near
The *Lilybean* shore, with hideous crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charibdis* (dang'rous rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
prayer:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

A Hymn to Contentment. PARNELL.

L OVELY, lasting peace of mind !
 Sweet, delight of human kind !
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky
 With more of happiness below
 Than victors in a triumph know !
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head !
 What happy regions dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease ?
 Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold inshrind.
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
 Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love ! and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
 The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought ; but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground :
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,

Converse

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 141

Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its form below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear !
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
And sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd :
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the grace.
When thus she spoke—Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow :
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat ;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy ;
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r ;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone :
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight ;

142 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song :
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, *Great Source of nature*, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of Man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your *busy* or your *vain* extreams ;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the *next* begun in *This*.

A Night-Piece on Death. PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er :

Their

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 143

Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught *below*.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show,
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was like thee they life possess,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.

Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,

(Which

144 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the *Rich* or praise the *Great*;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades;
All flow, and wan, and rapt with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sobs and accents cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I here a *Voice* begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.

Fools!

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 145

Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man wou'd ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herbes, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

The Hermit. PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend *Hermit* grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
 Remote from Man, with God he pass'd his days,
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;

Then

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 147

Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the *Southern* sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair,
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my son! the rev'rend sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they
pass,

Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

148 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine, a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they
go;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His *Cup* was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
So seem'd the fire; when far upon the road,
The shining Spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;

A sound

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 149

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the *Miser's* heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew,
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In every settling feature of his face!

150 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

When from his vest the young companion bore
That *Cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim's* bosom
wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here;
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Higher the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then blest the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;

From

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 151

From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide:
The youth who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

152 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Detested wretch! — But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpl'd air ;
 And wings whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky ;
 Nay, cease to kneel — Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred Majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends :
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,

Your

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 153

Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The *Great, Vain Man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has with the *Cup*, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious *Wretch*, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the *Cup*, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious Friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
'To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).

154 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false *Servant* sped in safety back?
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail?

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Elisha*, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

A Fairy Tale in the ancient English Stile.

PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle and *Arthur's* days,
When midnight *Faeries* danc'd the maze,
Liv'd *Edwin* of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 135

His mountain-back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above ;
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of *Edith's* eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within ;
But one Sir *Topaz* dress'd with art,
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my song)
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light :
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive *Faeries* made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground :

156 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And (well I ween to count aright)
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease,
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me *Gentles!*) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its filken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a *Gallant* drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
What *Mortal* of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the *Swain*, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of *Magick* art controul,
Advanc'd in open fight;
' Nor have I cause of dread, he said,
' Who view (by no presumption led)
' Your revels of the night.

' 'Twas

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 157

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
' Which made my steps unweeting rove
 ' Amid the nightly dew.'
'Tis well the *Gallant* cries again,
We *Faeries* never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 To make thee grief resign:
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with *Mab* my partner daunce,
 Be little *Mable* thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air:
 The *Monarch* leads the *Queen*:
The rest their *Faerie* partners found,
And *Mable* nimbly tript the ground
 With *Edwin* of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
 As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But now to please the *Faerie King*,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antick feats devise;

Some

158 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In *Edwin's* wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last that *Robin* hight,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
As hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the *Youth* he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm, he cries,
" And let it fairly now suffice
" The gambol has been shewn."

But *Oberon* answers with a smile,
Content thee, *Edwin*, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clap'd the doer, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor *Edwin* falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in like a case
Through all the land before.

But

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 159

But soon as *dan Apollo* rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous *Edith* sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd,
(The youth of *Edith* erst approv'd)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up spring the tapers as before,
The *Faeries* bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But *certes* sorely sunk with woe
Sir *Topaz* sees the *Elphin* show,
His spirits in him die:

When

160 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

When *Oberon* cries, ' A man is near,
' A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
' Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that Sir *Topaz* (hapless youth !)
In accents fault'ring ay for ruth
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he had been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt ;

' Ah Iosell vile, at once they roar !
' And little skill'd of *Faerie* lore,
' Thy cause to come we know :
' Now has thy keftrell courage fell ;
' And *Faeries*, since a lie you tell,
' Are free to work thee woe.'

Then *Will*, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung ;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deffly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat :
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

By

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 161

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the *Knight*.
For never spell by *Faerie* laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the *Bunch* has got
Which *Edwin* lost afore.

This tale a *Sybil-Nurse* ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
' Thus some are born, my son (she cries)
' With base impediments to rise,
' And some are born with none.

' But virtue can itself advance
' To what the fav'rite fools of chance
' By fortune seem'd design'd;
' Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
' And from itself shake off the weight
' Upon th' unworthy mind.'

Health;

Health; an Eclogue. PARNELL.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring
grass:

The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When *Damon* softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd thro',
A cover'd arbor clos'd the distant view;
There rests the *Youth*, and while the feather'd
throng

Raise their wild musick, thus contrives a song.

Here wafted o'er by mild *Etesian* air.

Thou country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health*! repair;
Here let my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale;
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling dazies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:

High

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 163

High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country *Goddess*, come; nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-lister, *Exercise*.
Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let *Sloth* lie soft'ning till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change,
Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh

164 The-POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm *Content* along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly :
For her I mow my walks, I platt my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flow'rs ;
To welcome her this ſummer-feat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt ;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe.

Now friends converſing, my ſoft hours refine
And *Tully's Tuſculum* revives in mine :
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of eaſy *Fancy* rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove :
The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains ;
Or *Maro's* muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight.
Theſe ſoft *Amuſements* bring *Content* along,
And *Fancy*, void of ſorrow, turns to *Song*.

Here beauteous *Health* for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Reflections on Time, Eternity, the last Day, &c.

YOUNG.

WHERE, the prime actors of the *last year's*
scene;

Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality;
Tho' in a stile more florid, full as plain,
As *Mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs*.
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our father's grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"*Protest diversions!* cannot these escape?"—
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ransack tombs for *pastime*; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: How like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,

Shed

166 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own*!

What, all the pomps, and triumphs of our lives,
 But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
 From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
 Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
 Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
 Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

LORENZO! such the glories of the world!
 What is the world itself? *thy* world?—A grave.
 Where is the dust that has not been alive?
 The spade, the plow, disturb our ancestors:
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
 Whose bury'd town support the dancer's heel.
 The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales;
 Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the *dry*;
 Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire:
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
 As nature, wide, our ruins spread; man's *death*
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
 His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
 The *Roman*? *Greek*? They stalk, an empty name!
 Yet few regard them in this useful light;
 Tho' half our learning is *their* epitaph.

When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 167

When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O *Death*, I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O LORENZO! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons; and weeping, prophecies
Another's dissolution, soon in flames.
But, like CASSANDRA, prophecies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loath* to know,
The great decree, the council of the skies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers;
Prime ministers of vengeance! Chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,

In

168 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage;
 When Heav'ns inferior instruments of wrath,
War, Famine, Pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
 With irresistible commission arm'd,
 The world in vain corrected, to destroy,
 And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, LORENZO! what depends on man?
 The *fate* of nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
 And make creation groan with human guilt.
 How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
 But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
 Their various engines; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain height
 Out-burns *Vesuvius*; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
 Stars rush; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er creation!—While aloft,
 More than astonishment! if more *can* be!
 Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,

That

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 169

Than e'er was thought by man ! far other *stars* !
Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;
Far other *Sun* !—A Sun, O how unlike
The babe at *Bethle'm* ! how unlike the man
That groan'd on *Calvary* !—Yet *be* it is ;
That Man of sorrows ! O how chang'd ! what
pomp !

In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends !
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, Heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO ! welcome to this scene ; the last
In nature's course ; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee ; *this* awakes
The most supine ; *this* snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme :
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams ;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,

170 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
 From tenfold darkness; sudden, as the spark
 From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
 The day is broke, which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Dost thou not hear her; dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
 Where are we *now*? Ah me! the ground is gone,
 On which we stood, LORENZO! While thou may'st,
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
 Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is
 too late!

Where, where, for shelter shall the guilty fly,
 When consternation turns the *good man* pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
 For which *earth* rose from *chaos*; *man* from *earth*;
 And an eternity, the date of gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man!
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
 At *thought* of thee!—And art thou *absent* then?
 LORENZO! No; 'tis here:—it is begun;—
 Already is begun the grand affize,
 In thee, in all: deputed Conscience scales

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 171

The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.
Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her sons?
Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
And GOD above assert that GOD in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, likes the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No): The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*;
Asks, "*What is truth?*" with PILATE; and retires;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee, for thee, their LORD,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,

To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?
I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round !
All *deities*, like summer's swarms on wing !
All basking in the full meridian blaze !
I see the JUDGE inthron'd ! the flaming guard !
The volume open'd ! open'd every heart !
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought !
No patron ! intercessor none ! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
For guilt no plea ! To pain, no pause ! no bound !
Inexorable, all ! and all extreme !

Nor man alone ; the foe of GOD and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd ;
Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace :
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes ! he curses whom he dreads ;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis *present* to my thought !—And, yet, where
is it ?

Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot *guess*
The *period* ; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
Are less obscure ; for these may *man* inquire.
Say, thou great Close of human hopes and fears !

Great

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 173

Great Key of hearts ! great Finisher of fates !
Great End, and great Beginning ! say, where art
thou ?

Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity* ?

Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.

These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)

As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,

May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head ;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber ; from earth's heaving
womb,

To second birth ; contemporary throng !

Rous'd at one call, upstarting from one bed,

Prest in one croud, appal'd with one amaze,

He turns them o'er, *Eternity* ! to thee.

Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)

He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls *alone* ;

His greatest foe falls with him ; *Time*, and he

Who murder'd all *time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was ! ETERNITY now reigns alone !
Awful Eternity ! offended queen !

And her resentment to mankind, how just !

With kind intent, soliciting access,

How often has she knock'd at human hearts !

Rich to repay their hospitality,

174 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
 Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
 A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome *there* !
 A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown
 wide,
 As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole,
 With banners streaming as the *comet's* blaze,
 And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,
 Sonorous, as immortal breath can blow,
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
 Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,
 Wide, as *creation* ! populous, as wide !
 A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
 Detain'd them close spectators, thro' a length
 Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ;
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
 Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial : What ensues ?
 The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
 The *goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamant key's enormous size
 Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
 Down,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 175

Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep refounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies;
O how unlike those shouts of joy that shake
The whole *ethereal*! How the concave rings;
Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* rose,
To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest:
No fancy'd God, a GOD, *indeed*, descends,
To solve all *knots*; to strike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause;
And the vast void beyond, applause refounds.

*The Young Lady and the Looking-Glass. A
Fable. WILKIE.*

Y E deep philosophers who can
Explain that various creature, MAN,
Say, is there any point so nice,
As that of offering an advice?

176 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

To bid your friend his errors mend,
 Is almost certain to offend :
 Tho you in softest terms advise,
 Confess him good ; admit him wise ;
 In vain you sweeten the discourse,
 He thinks you call him fool, or worse ;
 You paint his character, and try
 If he will own it and apply.
 Without a name reprove and warn :
 Here none are hurt, and all may learn :
 This too must fail, the picture shown,
 No man will take it for his own.
 In moral lectures treat the case,
 Say this is honest, that is base ;
 In conversation none will bear it ;
 And for the pulpit, few come near it.
 And is there then no other way
 A moral lesson to convey ?
 Must all that shall attempt to teach,
 Admonish, satyrize, or preach ?
 Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
 By sages found to reach the heart,
 Ere science with distinctions nice
 Had fixt what virtue is and vice,
 Inventing all the various names
 On which the moralist declaims :
 They wou'd by simple TALES advise,
 Which took the hearer by surprise ;
 Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
 Ere pride had put it on its guard ;

And

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 177

And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The TALE which follows makes it out.

There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every course
He took still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit,
So oft shou'd make a lucky hit,
When man with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange I own, but true—
Mama observ'd the rising lass,
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;

178 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Contriving like a prudent mother
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which JESSY us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the Looking-glass atchiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The maid who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So when all other means had fail'd
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, FABLE to the human-kind
Presents an *image* of the mind,
It is a *mirror* where we spy
At large our own deformity,
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

The Boy and the Rainbow. A Fable. WILKIE.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,

A creature

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 179

A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers ;
Man only blunders, though possess
Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances and try ;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of every creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of human-kind
Consists in rectitude of mind,
A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey ;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art ;
Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom never sad nor sour :
In these consist our proper bliss ;
Else PLATO reasons much amiss :
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true ;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or Lust, or Avarice or Pride ;
While Reason no assent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.

180 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Hence through our lives in every stage,
 From infancy itself to age.
 A happiness we toil to find,
 Which still avoids us like the wind;
 Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
 At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
 You'll ask me why I thus rehearse,
 All EPICTETUS in my verse,
 And if I fondly hope to please
 With dry reflections, such as these,
 So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
 I'll take the hint and tell a tale.

One ev'ning as a simple swain
 His flock attended on the plain,
 The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
 Which warns us when a show'r is nigh;
 With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
 Its distance eighty yards or so.
 This bumkin had, it seems, been told
 The story of the cup of gold,
 Which Fame reports is to be found
 Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
 He therefore felt a sudden itch
 To seize the goblet and be rich;
 Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
 No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
 But sit indulging by the fire,
 'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire:
 He mark'd the very spot of land
 On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,

And

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 181

And stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and slipt away,
As seeming his approach to shun;
From walking he began to run,
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue;
At last thro' many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

The Rake and the Hermit. A Fable. WILKIE.

A Youth, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ler and his steed,
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames,
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;

At which our trav'ler as he sat
 By intervals began to chat.—
 'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
 Of folly governs some folks brains :
 What makes you choose this wild abode ?
 You'll say, 'tis to converse with God ;
 Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim ;
 You never saw or spoke with him.
 They talk of Providence's pow'r,
 And say it rules us ev'ry hour ;
 To me all nature seems confusion,
 And such weak fancies mere delusion.
 Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right
 Cou'd there be such a thing as night ;
 Which, when the sun has left the skies,
 Puts all things in a deep disguise ?
 If then a trav'ler chance to stray
 The least step from the public way,
 He's soon in endless mazes lost,
 As I have found it to my cost.
 Besides, the gloom which nature wears,
 Assists imaginary fears
 Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
 Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves ;
 All sprung from superstitious seed,
 Like other maxims of the creed.
 For my part, I reject the tales
 Which faith suggests when reason fails ;
 And reason nothing understands,
 Unwarranted by eyes and hands.

These

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 183

These subtil effences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie
Which says men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out:
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—

Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That reason still our guide shou'd be:
And will admit her as the test,
Of what is true and what is best:
But reason sure wou'd blush for shame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of folly:
Reason with measur'd steps and slow
To things above from things below
Ascends, and guides us thro' her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
And reason puts us in her hands,
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from heav'n.
'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
Shou'd miss a God in viewing nature:
Whose high perfections are display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:

184. The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
 When found again, we see them most;
 The night itself which you would blame
 As something wrong in nature's frame,
 Is but a curtain to invest
 Her weary children, when at rest:
 Like that which mothers draw to keep
 The light off from a child asleep.
 Beside, the fear which darkness breeds,
 At least augments, in vulgar heads,
 Are far from useless, when the mind
 Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
 They make the worldling think with pain
 On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
 Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
 Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
 And in defence of virtue's cause
 Assist each sanction of the laws.
 But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
 And superstitious dread expels,
 The silent majesty of night
 Excites to take a nobler flight;
 With saints and angels to explore
 The wonders of creating pow'r;
 And lifts on contemplation's wings
 Above the sphere of mortal things:
 Walk forth and tread those dewy plains
 Where night in awful silence reigns;
 The sky's serene, the air is still,
 The woods stand list'ning on each hill.

To

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 185

To catch the sounds that sink and swell,
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
While foxes howl and beetles hum,
Sounds which make silence still more dumb;
And try if folly rash and rude
Dare on the sacred hour intrude.

Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
Attempt to quote those lights by name,
Which shine so thick and spread so far;
Conceive a sun in every star,
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets shoot athwart the whole.
From system still to system ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And shaking from their flaming hair
The things most needed every where.
Explore this glorious scene, and say
That night discovers less than day;
That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
That chance disposes, not design:
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad or else a dunce.
For reason, tho' 'tis far from strong,
Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
From signs and evidences clear,
Of wise contrivance every where.

The Hermit ended, and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At least, he yielded, and confess'd
That all was order'd for the best.

The

The Miser and Plutus. A Fable. GAY.

THE wind was high ; the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes ;
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks :
 Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
 In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares ;
 And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 But virtue's sold. Good gods ! what price
 Can recompence the pangs of vice !
 O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?
 Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
 And only left the name behind ;
 Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;
 Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill :
 'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts,
 In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
 Virtue resides on earth no more !

He

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 187

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.

The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus addrest.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
Each sordid rascal's daily cant.
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heav'n:
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoës then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

The

The Monkey who had seen the World. A Fable.

GAY.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes :
 For men in distant regions roam
 To bring politer manners home.
 So forth he fares, all toil defies :
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid ;
 Poor *Pug* was caught, to town convey'd,
 There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
 Made captive in a lady's room !)
 Proud as a lover of his chains,
 He day by day her favour gains.
 Whene'er the duty of the day,
 The toilette calls ; with mimic play
 He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
 Like any other Gentleman.
 In visits too his parts and wit,
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind
 In ev'ry courtly art refin'd ;
 Like ORPHEUS burnt with public zeal,
 To civilize the monkey weal :
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
 And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress.

Some

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 189

Some praise his sleeve ; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat ;
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending :
His powder'd back, above, below,
Lisse hoary frosts, or fleecy snow :
But all, with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoullder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries ;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth ; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive ? in flatter'd deal ;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit ;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit ;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right ;
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The word'ring circle grinn'd applause.

Now

Now warm with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite;
 And fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool;
 Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

The sick Man and the Angel. A Fable. GAY.

IS there no hope? the sick man said.
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And took his leave with sighs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man with gasping breath :
 I feel the chilling wound of death.
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant my bargains well were made,
 But all men over-reach in trade ;
 'Tis self-defence in each profession.
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 191

Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends,
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown.

An angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste! the sick man whines;
Who knows as yet what heav'n designs?
Perhaps I may recover still.
That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain.

From

152 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

From ev'ry side with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd.

The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud. A Fable.
GAY.

IS there a bard whom genius fires;
Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all CURL's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite.
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day
With heart devout a *Persian* lay;
His invocation thus begun.

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields and bless the year!

A Cloud

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 193

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.
Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the *Persian* mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.

It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

The Father and Jupiter. A Fable. GAY.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with prayers.

K

Jove

194 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now, more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view :
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer ;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire :
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's blest'd
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace ;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew,
The thriving arts of courts he knew :
He reach'd the height of power and place ;
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes;
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God. By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that possess,
To providence resign the rest.

The Hare and many Friends. A Fable. GAY.

FRRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight,
 To friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
 Be comforted, relief is near;
 For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd;
 And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
 Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.
 Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow;
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place.

To

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 197

To leave you thus, might seem unkind ;
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, says he, may do you harm ;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd :
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep, as well as hares.
She now the trotting calf address'd
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler pass'd you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
For see the hounds are just in view.

The Squire and his Cur. A Fable. GAY.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part.
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail,
Let envy snarl, let slander rail,

198 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

From virtue's shield (secure from wound)
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
 So shines his light before mankind,
 His actions prove his honest mind.
 If in his country's cause he rise,
 Debating senates to advise,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
 The honest dictates of his heart.
 No ministerial frown he fears,
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,
 Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
 Must be controul'd by place and season.
 What statesman could his pow'r support,
 Were lying tongues forbid the court?
 Did princely years to truth attend,
 What minister could gain his end?
 How could he raise his tools to place,
 And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
 Who readily can lie with art.
 The man's proficient in his trade;
 His pow'r is strong, his fortune's made.
 By that the int'rest of the throne
 Is made subservient to his own:
 By that have kings of old, deluded,
 All their own friends for his excluded;
 By that, his selfish schemes pursuing
 He thrives upon the public ruin.

AN-

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 199

ANTIOCHUS, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
The PARTHIAN clown brought forth his best.
The king unknown his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

We country folk (the clown replies)
Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him!) have his way,
Is found at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he cou'd.
If truth in courts are not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him:
But that transferr'd to those about him:
On them he throws the regal cares:
And what mind they? their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands they trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to coblers 'tis the same:
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the king know as well as we.
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought.
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

200 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards approach, our host alarms,
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd, the royal guest,
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The king then turning to the croud,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke. Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew,
For now I know myself and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's ingross,
State lies but little genius cost.
The fav'rite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill
He daily poisons dares instill;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames or sooths the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft' the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear.
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dare not innocence accuse.

'T would

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 201

'T would keep him in such narrow bound;
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd the state,
Pursu'd by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd
Expos'd their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country 'Squire by whim directed,
The true, staunch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.
YAP had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be prefer'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
(As other great mens puppies do).

202 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Unless due court to him were shown,
 And both their face and business known.
 No honest tongue an audience found :
 He worried all the tenants round ;
 For why, he liv'd in constant fear,
 Lest truth by chance should interfere.
 If any stranger dar'd intrude,
 The noisy Cur his heels pursu'd.
 Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
 At once he snarled, bit, and fled.
 Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
 And thus in secret growls his fear.
 Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
 May frustrate my best guarded lies ?
 Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
 That very hour my ruin's sign'd.

Now in his howl's continued sound,
 Their words were lost, their voice was drown'd.
 Ever in awe of honest tongues,
 Thus ev'ry day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, an ill-omen'd hour,
 That YAP, unmindful of his pow'r,
 Forsook his post, to love inclin'd ;
 A fav'rite bitch was in the wind,
 By her seduc'd in am'rous play,
 They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
 Thus, by untimely love pursuing,
 Like ANTHONY, he sought his ruin.

For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,
 An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 203

Be free (says he) your mind impart ;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate,
Why such a stranger grown of late ?
Pray tell me what offence they find :
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur (the farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends ;
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true estate ;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate.

The 'Squire heard truth. Now YAP-rush'd in ;
The wide hall echoes with his din :
Yet truth prevail'd ; and, with disgrace,
The Dog was cudgell'd out of place.

The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.

A Fable. GAY.

To my native Country.

HAIL, happy land, whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of NEPTUNE bounds ;

By bounteous nature set apart,

The seat of industry and art !

O BRITAIN ! chosen port of trade,

May luxury ne'er thy sons invade ;

May never minister (intent

His private treasures to augment)

Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes

Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,

Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe ?

Who is it prescribes the ocean law ?

Whenever neighb'ring states contend,

'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.

What is't, who rules in other lands ?

On trade alone thy glory stands.

That benefit is unconfin'd,

Diffusing good among mankind :

That first gave lustre to thy reigns,

And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains :

'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,

And draw's all EUROPE's envious eyes.

Be commerce then thy sole design ;

Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 205

When naval traffic plows the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate :
The num'rous flocks that clothe the land,
Can scarce supply the looms demand ;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth ? To some we find
The plough-share's annual toil assign'd.
Some at the sounding anvil glow ;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw ;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide :
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art :
While some, of genius more refin'd
With head and tongue assist mankind :
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread ;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air.

Does

206 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh ;
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content their fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd.
While each pursu'd their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food.
Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd ;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next.
They saw that plenty, sure and rise,
Was found alone in social life ;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.

Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you
To benefit the public do ?

The Cat replies, These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute :
Nor rats from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

I grant

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 207

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir; be next your merits try'd.

Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.

Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust.

Did I e'er faith or friendship break?

Ask all those creatures; let them speak.

My vigilance and trusty zeal

Perhaps might serve the public weal.

Might not your flocks in safety feed,

Were I to guard the fleecy breed?

Did I the nightly watches keep,

Could thieves invade you while you sleep?

The Man replies, 'Tis just and right

Rewards such service should requite.

So rare, in property, we find

Trust uncorrupt among mankind,

That, taken in a public view,

The first distinction is your due.

Such merits all reward transcend:

Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addressing now the Fly, From you

What public service can accrue?

From

208 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

From me ! (the flutt'ring insect said)
 I thought you knew me better bred.
 Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
 That I to industry submit ?
 Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
 By bus'ness earn ignoble bread.
 Lost in excess of daily joys,
 No thought, no care, my life annoys.
 At noon (the lady's matin hour)
 I sip the tea's delicious flow'r.
 On cates luxuriously I dine,
 And drink the fragrance of the vine.
 Studious of elegance and ease,
 Myself alone I seek to please.

The man his pert conceit derides,
 And thus the useless coxcomb chides.

Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
 No idle fool deserves to eat.
 Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
 And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
 Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
 To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil ?
 Consider, sot, what would ensue,
 Were all such worthless things as you.
 You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
 To make your dirty meals on dung;
 On which such despicable need,
 Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
 Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,
 (If you can right and wrong discern)

That

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 209

That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood.

So saying, with a sudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public dy'd.

The Village Preacher. GOLDSMITH.

N E A R yonder copse, where once the garden
Smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his
place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skill to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;

The

210 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
 The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were
 won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
 glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he prayed, and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies;
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was layed,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;

Truth

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 211

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

A Ballad. GOLDSMITH.

‘TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
‘ And guide my lonely way,
‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
‘ With hospitable ray.

‘ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
‘ With fainting steps and slow;
‘ Where wilds immeasurably spread,
‘ Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘ Forbear,

212 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

- ‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
 - ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom;
- ‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies
 - ‘ To lure thee to thy doom.
- ‘ Here to the houseless child of want,
 - ‘ My door is open still;
- ‘ And though my portion is but scant,
 - ‘ I give it with good will.
- ‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 - ‘ Whate’er my cell bestows;
- ‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 - ‘ My blessing and repose.
- ‘ No flocks that range the valley free,
 - ‘ To slaughter I condemn:
- ‘ Taught by that power that pities me,
 - ‘ I learn to pity them.
- ‘ But from the mountains grassy side,
 - ‘ A guiltless feast I bring;
- ‘ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 - ‘ And water from the spring.
- ‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forgo;
 - ‘ All earth-born cares are wrong:
- ‘ Man wants but little here below,
 - ‘ Nor wants that little long.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 213

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crouds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest and smil'd,
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But

214 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd:
' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
' The sorrows of thy breast?

' From better habitations spurn'd,
' Reluctant dost thou rove;
' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
' Or unregarded love?

' Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
' Are trifling, and decay;
' And those who prize the paltry things,
' More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,
' A charm that lulls to sleep;
' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
' But leaves the wretch to weep?

' And love is still an emptier sound,
' The modern fair one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
' To warm the turtle's nest.

' For

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 215

‘ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows huff,

‘ And spurn the sex,’ he said :

But, while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise

Swift mantling to the view,

Like colours o’er the morning skies,

As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms,

The lovely stranger stands confest

A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,

‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,

‘ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude

‘ Where heav’n and you reside.

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,

‘ Whom love has taught to stray ;

‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair

‘ Companion of her way.

‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,

‘ A wealthy lord was he ;

‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,

‘ He had but only me.

‘ To

216 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

- To win me from his tender arms,
 - Unnumber'd suitors came ;
- Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 - And felt or feign'd a flame.
- Each hour a mercenary crowd
 - With richest proffers strove ;
- Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 - But never talk'd of love.
- In humble simplest habit clad,
 - No wealth nor power had he ;
- Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 - But these were all to me.
- The blossom opening to the day,
 - The dews of heav'n refin'd,
- Could nought of purity display,
 - To emulate his mind.
- The dew, the blossom on the tree,
 - With charms inconstant shine ;
- Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 - Their constancy was mine.
- For still I try'd each fickle art,
 - Importunate and vain ;
- And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 - I triumph'd in his pain.

‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 ‘ He left me to my pride;
 ‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
 ‘ In secret where he died.

‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 ‘ And well my life shall pay,
 ‘ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
 ‘ And stretch me where he lay.—

‘ And there forlorn despairing hid,
 ‘ I’ll lay me down and die:
 ‘ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ‘ And so for him will I.’

‘ Forbid it, heav’n !’ the hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast:
 The wondering fair one turn’d to chide,
 ’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ‘ My charmer turn to see,
 ‘ Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 ‘ Restor’d to love and thee.

‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ‘ And ev’ry care resign:
 And shall we never, never part,
 ‘ My life,—my all that’s mine.

218 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

- * No never from this hour to part,
* We'll live and love so true ;
* The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
* Shall break thy Edwin's too.
-

Colin and Lucy. TICKEL.

I.

O F Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face.

II.

'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

III.

Ah ! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd this slow-consuming maid,
Her life how near its end.

IV.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair ;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flatt'ring swains beware !

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 219

V.

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

VII.

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
“ That cries I must not stay ;
“ I see a hand you cannot see,
“ That beckons me away.

VIII.

“ Of a false swain, and broken heart,
“ In early youth I die ;
“ Am I to blame, because the bride
“ Is twice as rich as I ?

IX.

“ Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
“ Vows due to me alone !
“ Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kisses,
“ Nor think him all thy own !

X.

“ To-morrow in the church, to wed,
“ Impatient both prepare :
“ But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
“ Poor LUCY will be there.

XI.

" Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
 " The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 " He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 " I in my winding-sheet."

XII.

She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts ;
 How were these nuptials kept ?
 The bride's-men flock'd round LUCY dead,
 And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
 The varying crimson fled ;
 When stretch'd beside her rival's corse.
 She saw her lover dead.

XVI.

He to his LUCY's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains ;
 In the same mould, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 221

XVII.

Oft at this place the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true love-knots,
They deck the sacred green.

XVIII.

But, swain forsworn, whose'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear!
Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

*Ode to a Lady, on the Death of Col. Charles
Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written
May, 1745.* COLLINS.

I.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
BRITANNIA's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While, stain'd with blood, he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May;

II.

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend;
Still fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

III.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,

Where-e'er the youth is laid :
That sacred spot the village hind
With ev'ry sweetest turf shall bind,
And peace protect the shade.

IV.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve

And bend the pensive head !
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed !

V.

The warlike dead of ev'ry age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their faintest rest :

And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest !

VI.

Old EDWARD's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight ;

Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And with th' avenging fight.

VII.

VII.

If weak to sooth so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy constant tear;
If yet in sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,
Wild war insulting near:

VIII.

Where-e'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still with social grief
Her gentlest promise keep:
Ev'n humble HARTING's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad-repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

*The Mouse's Petition. Found in the Trap
where he had been confined all Night.*

BARBAULD.

Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.

VIRGIL.

O H! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs:
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

224 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings, of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Cast round the world an equal eye
And feels for all that lives.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 225

If mind, as antient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the same,

Beware, lest in the worm you crush
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day,
Be *all* of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

The parting of Hector and Andromache.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without
delay;

Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan Gate.

With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:

(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade)

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest

His only hope hung smiling at her breast,

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,

Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name

Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;

Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,

From his great father, the defence of Troy.

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd-resign'd

To tender passions all his mighty mind.

His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,

Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;

Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,

And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?

Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!

And

And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
 Oh grant me, gods ! e'er Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of Heav'n, an early tomb !

So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains my grief to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire !
 His fate compassion in the victor bred ;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile ;
 Then rais'd a mountain, where his bones were
 burn'd :

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell ;
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell ;
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed ;
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The Queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands :

228 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee :
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
Thou, from this tow'r, defend th' important post ;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The Chief reply'd : That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep
the ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame !
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains :

Let

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 229

Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates :
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !)
The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore ;
As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine !
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, behold the mighty Hector's wife !
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name !
May I be cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.

With

With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou ! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
 And all ye deathless pow'rs ! protect my son !
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age !
 So when triumphant from successful toils
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, this chief transcends his father's fame ;
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms ;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubl'd pleasure soon chas'd by fear,
 She mingl'd with a smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
 With what untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.

Fix'd

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 235

Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth :
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save ;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes,
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at ev'ry look : then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the soft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the University. MASON.

E'ER yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloysters pale ;
O let !

232 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

O! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
 Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;
 A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
 And this let voluntary friendship pay.
 Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
 When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
 Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
 Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to
 bear.

There, if Ambition pestilent and pale,
 Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow;
 If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,
 Should blast th' unfolding blossoms e'er they
 blow;

If mimic hues, by Art, or Fashion spread,
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply;
 O! with them may these laureat honours fade;
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.
 —And do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string;

The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
 And vainly ventrous, soars on waxen wing.
 Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
 Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
 And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
 Condemn me, if I check the plausible string;
 Go to the wayward world; compleat the rest;
 Be, what the purest muse would wish to sing.

Be

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 233

Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution lour,
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for
power.
So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
When Death's cold hand unstrings thy MASON'S
lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:
He, to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,
On Rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with rev'rence trust this Sabine strain:
"The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

The World compared to a Stage.

SHAKESPEARE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and pewking in the nurse's arms:

And

234 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier:
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous of honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Music. SHAKESPEARE.

JESS. I'M never merry when I hear sweet music.
 LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 235

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and
floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

The Power of Imagination. SHAKESPEARE.

THE lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
heav'n,

And,

236 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

The Vanity of Human Nature.

SHAKESPEARE.

—THESE our actors
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve :
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Concealed Love. SHAKESPEARE.

—SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.

Real

Real Grief. SHAKESPEARE.

SEEMS, Madam! nay, it is; I know not seems :
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy fuspuration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play;
 But I have that within, which passeth shew;
 These but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to Travel.

SHAKESPEARE.

— GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act :
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel :
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
 Bear't that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;

Take

238 The POËTICAL MISCELLANY.

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment,
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend :
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all, to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death. SHAKESPEARE.

TO be or not to be ? that is the question ;—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them ? To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ; and by a sleep, to say, we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ? perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause ;—there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 239

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.

ADDISON.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!

Eternity! thou pleasing dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud,
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when! or where!—this world was made for
 Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his Sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

A Contemplation on Night. GAY.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
 Of an all-wise all-powerful Providence.

When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 241

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year ;
The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns :
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost ;
No distant landkips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still ev'n now while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand ;
Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere :
The silver Moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are :
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful *Word* shall hear.

M

When

242 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends,
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plow correct the fallow soil,
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

A Thought on Eternity. GAV.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,

Thou

Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills incompas'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound:
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes;
His mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd;
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
He longs to wake, and wishes to get free.
To lanch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

*Alexander's Feast : or, The Power of Music ;
an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* DRYDEN.

I.

'T WAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won
By *Philip's* warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
(So should desert in arms be crown'd ;)
The lovely *Thais*, by his side,
Sate like a blooming *Eastern* bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair ;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the Fair.*

II. *Timotheus,*

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from *Jove*,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair *Olympia* press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast:
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of
 the world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around:
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,

M 3

Assumes

246 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

*Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of *Bacchus*, then, the sweet musician
fung;
Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young :
The jolly God in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes,
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

C H O R U S .

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV. Sooth'd

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
flew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He sung *Darius* great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltring in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed :

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;

And tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

*Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.*

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in *Lydian* measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying ;
 Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,
 Take the good the Gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

C H O.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;

Break his bands of sleep afunder,

And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head :

As awak'd from the dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,

See the furies arise :

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !

Those are *Grecian* ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain :

M 5.

Give

250 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

C H O R U S.

*And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 251

Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

*At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before:
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.*

Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's day. POPE.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

252 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
'Till by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While

While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary coasts!

Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!

The

254 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The furies sink upon their iron beds;
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their
heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
O take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

How

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 255

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,

Besides falls of fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,

Rolling in Mæanders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with the furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desarts he flies;

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm:

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This

This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

*The Character of a Good Parson, imitated from
 Chaucer. DRYDEN.*

A Parish-Priest was of the pilgrim train;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor;
 (As God hath cloth'd his own ambassador;) }
 For such on earth his bless'd Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.

Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see :
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity ;
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.

}

With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
 Tho' harsh, the precept yet the people charm'd.
 For, letting down the golden chain on high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :
 And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears ;
 (A musick more melodious than the spheres.)
 For *David* left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him, he sung the best,
 He bore his great commission in his look ;
 But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell ;
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.

}

He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds : but love like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapt in his crimes against the storm prepar'd ;
 But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts and throws his cumb'rous cloak away.
 Lightning and thunder (heav'n's artillery)
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his style and disappear ;
 The stiller sound succeeds ; and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took ;
 But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book.

With

258 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

With patience bearing wrong; but off'ring none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.

The country-churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind)
The less he sought his off'rings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest, contented to be poor.

Yet of his little, he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare.
For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.
True priests he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sov'reign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor;
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains, for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to *Paul's*, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishopricks and *sine Cures* are sold.

But

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 259

But duly watch'd his flock by night and day ;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey, }
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd ;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd :
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truths he taught ;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest :
(The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd :)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sov'reign image is no longer seen.
If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life, he priz'd ;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
Thesemarks of church and churchmen he design'd }
And living taught ; and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn ;
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree
Are not his sons, but those of *Zebeder*.

Not, but he knew the signs of earthly pow'r
Might well become Saint *Peter's* successor :
The Holy Father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp ; the fisher must
be plain.

Such

Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's face.

God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.

The tempter saw him too, with envious eye;
And, as on *Job*, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when *Richard* was depos'd,
And high and low with happy *Harry* clos'd,
This prince, tho' great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near tho' he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had *Richard* unconstrain'd resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own: }
The title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had a son,

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flatt'ring priest, invented since:
And lasts no longer than the present sway:
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their pow'r, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, thro' the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still chearful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.

Gave,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 261

Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not, with a crowd, to see a shrine ;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you what the rest in orders were :
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

On Sheep-shearing—Song on that Occasion, &c.

DYER.

NOW, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
Of high Brigantium*, where by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil, and the glaring mass,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flatt'ning the steel ; from their rough hands receive
The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flow'rs ; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,

* *The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield in Yorkshire, where the Shepherds shears and all edge-tools are made.*

And

262 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And plunge them one by one into the flood :
 Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
 With his white flakes, that glisten thro' the tide ;
 The sturdy rustic in the middle wave,
 Awaits to seize him rising ; one arm bears
 His lifted head above the limpid stream,
 While the full clammy fleece the other laves
 Around, laborious, with repeated toil ;
 And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
 Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
 Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin :
 Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
 Their yearly tribute : 'tis the prudent part
 To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
 The downy vesture from their tender sides
 Press not too close ; with caution turn the points ;
 And from the head in regular rounds proceed :
 But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
 Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat ;
 And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds
 Mingle their stores tumultuous : through the gloom
 Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
 And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n : adown
 Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steep
 Of Cambrian glades, (pity the Cambrian glades)
 Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
 And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields :
 Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
 Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,

And

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 263

And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard :
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And lusty merriment : while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With ev'ry murmur of the sliding wave,
And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir ;
Musick of paradise ! which still is heard,
When the heart listens ; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when content
To nature's flow'ry scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine :
As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the less'ning shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recall those notes, which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-top'd Wreakin*. Yet the carols sweet,

* *Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.*

Through

Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed DAMON, venerable swain,
The soothest shepherd of the flow'ry vale.

" This is no vulgar scene : no palace roof
" Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
" Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
" Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms,
" Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
" Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

" Yes, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are short,
" Rising and falling with the chearful day,"
COLIN reply'd, " and pleasing weariness
" Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
" Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
" The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
" And the diseases of intemperate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

" May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
" May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-
white lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which sinks behind the
hills,
" And streams around variety of lights,
" Recall them erring : This is DAMON's wish.

" Hug

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 265

- “ Huge Breaden’s* stony summit once I climb’d
“ After a kidling : DAMON, what a scene !
“ What various views unnumber’d spread beneath !
“ Woods, tow’rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and
 torrent floods ;
“ And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
“ The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospect these,
“ Than gardens black with smoak in dusty towns,
“ Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun ;
“ Yet flying from his quiet, thither crowds
“ Each greedy wretch for tardy rising wealth,
“ Which comes too late ; that courts the taste in
 “ vain,
“ Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
“ Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life ;
“ And piping, careless silly shepherds we,
“ We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
“ Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece.”
“ Deem not, howe’er, our occupation mean,”
DAMON reply’d, “ while the SUPREME accounts
“ Well of the faithful shepherd, rank’d alike
“ With king and priest : they also shepherds are :
“ For so th’ All-seeing stiles them, to remind
“ Elated man, forgetful of his charge.”
“ But haste, begin the rites : see purple Eve
“ Stretches her shadows : all ye nymphs and swains
“ Hither assemble. Pleas’d with honours due,
“ SABRINA, guardian of the crystal flood,

* *Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.*

N

“ Shall

266 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

" Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear
 " Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds :
 " Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
 " Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
 " Among her sisters she reclines ; the lov'd
 " Vaga *, profuse of graces, Ryddol * rough,
 " Blithe Ystwith *, and Clevedoc * swift of foot ;
 " And mingles various seeds of flow'rs, and herbs,
 " In the divided torrents, ere they burst
 " Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain
 " roll.

" Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeanning herds,
 " Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's pois'nous leaf."

He said : with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
 Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain ;
 And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
 Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
 Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
 And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
 From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,
 Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
 The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
 With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
 Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
 Till cease the rites : and now the mossy bank

* Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the
 springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.

† Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on
 the banks of the Severn.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 267

Is gayly circled; and the jolly chear
Dispers'd in copious measure; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcit cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen; and to view the joyous scene.

Recommendation of Mercifulness to Animals.

DYER.

THRO' all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
For Him their udders yield nectareous streams;
For Him their downy vestures they resign!
For Him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may be
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,

268 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Let wasted hunger, by destroying live;
 And the permission use with trembling thanks,
 Meekly reluctant : 'tis the brute beyond :
 And gluttons ever murder, when they kill,
 Ev'n to the reptile ev'ry cruel deed
 Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
 Not of the sanguinary tribe are all ;
 All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,
 Like BRAMA's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
 Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
 Ye are the sons of nature ; your mild hands
 Are innocent : ye, when ye shear, relieve.

*Few Dyes the natural Product of England—
 the Advantages and Necessity of Trade, &c.*
 DYER.

OUR vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
 The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
 Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
 By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
 Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
 Like Egypt's obelisks. The pow'rful sun
 Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
 And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
 Which trade to us conveys. Nor tints alone,
 Trade to the good physician gives his balms ;
 Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart ;
 Gives,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 269

Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high ;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare ;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
HIM, the all-wise CREATOR, and declares
His presence, pow'r, and goodness unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies : passions swift
Fore-running reason ; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad,
O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd ; for they
The clearest sense of Deity receive,
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with Trade thro' various climes :
Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'soapes
From human justice : who, astonish'd, view
Ætna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ;
The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
With stately tow'rs ; whose merchants from their
 isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts ;

270 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
 Their shaggy goats, their flocks and bleating lambs;
 Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
 Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint,
 And flow'ring shuttle. While th' admiring world
 Crowded her streets; ah! then the hand of pride
 Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
 Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
 As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
 Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
 Not ev'n the dust they sunk in; by the breath
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
 Only the solitary rock remains,
 Her ancient site; a monument to those
 Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

Recommendation of Labour. DYER.

— **E**V'N nature lives by toil:
 Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
 All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
 But death and ruin: man is born to care;
 Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. This, of old,
 Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
 Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,
 To manual occupation; and oft call'd

Their

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 271

Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing
plough,

Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the
fleece,

(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the soft material: with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread:
Even, unknotted twine will praise your skill.

Country-Workhouses proposed—a Description of one—good Effects of Industry exemplified, &c.

DYER.

O WHEN, thro' ev'ry province, shall be rais'd
 Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
 For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
 More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
 Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due,
 Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
 Among the dwellings of the diligent,
 For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
 From house to house with mischievous intent,
 Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
 Ye languid limbs, with real wants oppress'd,
 Who tread the rough highways, and mountain
 wild,
 Thro' storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
 Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
 To happiness: the long wish'd day-light dawns,
 When charitable rigour shall detain
 Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of trade,
 Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
 Erect the mansion*: here soft fleeces shine;
 The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
 Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;

* *Erect the mansion—This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.*

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 273

No rain shall wet your pillow : here abounds
Pure bev'rage ; here your viands are prepar'd ;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your MAKER praise.

Behold, in Calder's † vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
ELIZA's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rai'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene ; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with
motion quick,

And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece ;
These card the short, those comb the longer flakes ;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands

† Calder, a river in Yorkshire, which runs below
Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

274 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
 On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
 Warble together, as a choir of larks :
 Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
 Another scene displays the more robust,
 Rasping or grinding tough Brazilian woods,
 And what Campeachy's disputable shore
 Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web ;
 And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
 Equal the honey-comb. We next are shown
 A circular machine*, of new design,
 In conic shape : It draws and spins a thread
 Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
 A wheel invisible, beneath the floor,
 To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame,
 Gives necessary motion. One, intent
 O'erlooks the work : the carded wool, he says,
 Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
 Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
 Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
 Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
 Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
 Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
 To the rich fields of Burstal. While around
 Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile :
 And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,

* *A most-curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton ; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.*

Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
 The incense of thanksgiving : all is joy ;
 And trade and business guide the living scene,
 Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
 Load the slow-failing barges, pile the pack
 On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
 As when a sunny day invites abroad
 The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
 In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work :
 O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
 With warm affection to each other's aid ;
 Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
 Thus all is here in motion, all is life :
 The creaking wain brings copious store of corn :
 The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the road ;
 The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
 Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
 Come tripping on ; th' echoing hills repeat
 The stroke of ax and hammer ; scaffolds rise,
 And growing edifices ; heaps of stone,
 Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume
 Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
 New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
 And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
 Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
 And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
 Over the work presides. Such was the scene
 Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
 First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
 Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,

276 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose redd'ning fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
Whisp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the fight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour or traffick, they conclude
With speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Reflections on the Slave-Trade. DYER.

ON Guinea's sultry strand, the drap'ry light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barb'rous coast, in telling, wounds
The gen'rous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, which invite
Increasing natives to their crowded wharfs.

But let the Man, whose rough tempestuous hours
In this advent'rous traffick are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 277

The gainful commerce : wickedness is blind :
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And av'rice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Grongar Hill. DYER.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives lustre to the land and sky !
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landskip bright and strong ?
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly-musing quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the even still,
At the fountain of a rill,

Sate

278 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
 With my hand beneath my head ;
 And stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd fides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day :
 Wider and wider spreads the vale ;
 As circles on a smooth canal :
 The mountains round, unhappy fate !
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise ;
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landskip lies below !
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,
 But the gay, the open scene
 Does the face of nature show,
 In all the hues of heaven's bow !
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies !

Rushing

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 279

Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.

And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !

Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,

On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye !

Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,

And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;

Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;

So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependance find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;

And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds ;

Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds,

}

While,

280 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate;
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes flow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep.
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 281

The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

}

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide ;
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, and brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

}

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see :
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes idly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air ;
And Misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;

White

282 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with musick fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves at Grongar Hill.

*Ode to the Right Honourable Francis Earl of
Huntingdon. 1747. AKENSIDE.*

I. I.

THE wise and great of ev'ry clime,
Thro' all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her pow'r display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.

For,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 283

For, taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine

To mortal sense impart :

They best the soul with glory fire ;

They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire ;

And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed
heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm

The vengeful bosom to disarm ;

To melt the proud with human woe,

And prompt unwilling tears to flow.

Can wealth a power like this afford ?

Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,

An equal empire claim ?

No, HASTINGS. Thou my words wilt own :

Thy breast the gift of ev'ry Muse hath known ;

Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,

And the fair function of the poet's tongue,

Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert

From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath sung.

Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings

Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower

Nor shall the baser notes to Celtic kings

By lying minstrels paid in evil hour,

Move thee to spurn the heavenly muse's reign.

A different strain,

And

284 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
 (Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear:
 Such as when Greece to her immortal shell
 Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;
 To hear the sweet instructress tell
 (While men and heroes throng'd around)
 How life its noblest use may find,
 How best for freedom be resign'd;
 And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the * Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:
 When, every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite
 He struck his magic strings;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic
 things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
 Oft near him, with applauding hands
 The genius of his country stands.

To

* *Homer.*

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 285

To listening gods he makes him known
That man divine, by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame :
Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;
From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies
came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age !
When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought ;
When all the gen'rous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng :
But that thy song
Was proud to unfold
What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muse's law didst rightly know ;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own and all her spirit glow.

III. I. Are

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
 Whose verse adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
 Alas! not one polluted bard,
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
 Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task
 they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands:
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great?
 Then turn, and, while each western clime
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name:
 And add, "Thus differs from the throng
 "The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
 "Which bade thy potent voice protect thy coun-
 try's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
 His memory with unholy rage pursues;
 While from these arduous cares of public weal
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his
 Muse.

* *Octavius Caesar.*

I

O fool!

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 287

O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,

Unmov'd or cold !

O fool ! to deem

That He, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know
By nature planted, or by fortune taught ;
That He, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;
That He their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest
fame ?

IV. 2.

But here where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known ;

Where

288 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,

Bid public praise farewell:

Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O HASTINGS, not to all
Can ruling heav'n the same endowments lend:
Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers
they bend,

Unenvious. Thus alone, tho' strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name

He best shall prove,

Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy fires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
Or thy own EDWARD teach his race,
Tho' Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1. From

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
 They led the rustic youth to arms;
 And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
 While private strife their banners rear'd.
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
 Where empire's wide-establish'd throne
 No private master fills:
 Where, long foretold, the people reigns:
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains;
 And judgeth what he sees; and, as he judgeth
 wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
 The swelling democratic tide;
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,
 And baffle faction's partial aim:
 But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
 To quell that servile band, who kneel
 To freedom's banish'd foes;
 That monster, which is daily found
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel
 knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heav'n's command,
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;
 That what ensnares the heart should curb the
 hand,
 And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.

O

But

290 The POËTICAL MISCELLANY.

But look on freedom. See, through every age,
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !
 What arms, what régál pride, what priestly rage,
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains

Of happy swains,

Which now resound

Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures
 bound,

Bear witness : there, oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which embowers his gate,
 And shew to strangers passing down the vale,
 Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne fate ;
 When, bursting from their country's chain,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for freedom this her awful reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.
 But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind

Which social good inspires ;

Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own ;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all
 acquires.

VI. 2. Say,

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood embrued ?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durst one in arms appear ?
Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?
Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to
chear.

VI. 3.

Yet, HASTINGS, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love !
The true ; the constant : who alone can weigh
What glory should demand, or liberty approve !
But let their works declare them. Thy free
powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls, and lurking slander, were design'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
Oft nobly sways
Ingenuous youth :
But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime reward,
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the historian and the bard

Dispose of honour and of scorn ;
 Discern the patriot from the slave ;
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.

Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her HENRY's holy shade ;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 293

Say, father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arms thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthal?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sun-shine of the breast;
Their's buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

294 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band,
 Ah, shew them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that sculks behind ;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And envy wan, and faded care,
 Grim visag'd comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy ;
 The stings of falshood those shall try,
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
 And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody madness laughing wild
 Amidst severest woe.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 295

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griev'd troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain ;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Hymn to Adversity. GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,

296 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou badst her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe:
By vain prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
lieved.

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With justice to herself severe,
And pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh!

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 297

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess lay thy chaf't'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

*Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat,
drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.*

GRAY.

I.

TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the Tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

O 5

II. Her

II.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 The coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purr'd applause.

III.

Still had she gaz'd : but 'midst the tide
 Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream ;
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Thro' richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

IV.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize,
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What cat's averse to fish ?

V.

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between ;
 (Malignant Fate fate by and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

VI.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watry god,
Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stir'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

VII.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

*A Pipe of Tobacco: In Imitation of six several
Authors.*

IMITATION I.

A New-Year's Ode.

RECITATIVO.

OLD battle-array, big with horror is fled,
And olive-rob'd peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

O 6

A I R.

300 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

A I R.

When summer suns grow red with heat,

TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' ire ;

When wintry storms around us beat,

TOBACCO cheers with gentle fire.

Yellow autumn, youthful spring,

In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN fleets,

Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy sweets ;

Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,

And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

A I R.

Happy mortal ! he who knows

Pleasure which a pipe bestows ;

Curling eddies climb the room,

Wasting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,

While wastes of war deform the teeming coast ;

BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,

Enjoys a PIPE, with ease and freedom crown'd ;

E'en restless faction finds itself most free,

Or if a slave, a slave to liberty.

A I R.

Smiling years that gayly run

Round the Zodiac with the sun,

Tell, if ever you have seen

Realms so quiet and serene.

BRITISH

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 301

BRITISH sons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II.

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire :
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd ;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest blifs of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men ;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns ;
When agen the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant INDIAN weed :
Pleasure

302 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

IMITATION III.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
TOBACCO, fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns:
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From ΠΕΤΟΤΗΚΕ with pungent pow'rs perfum'd
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal enkindling sheer,
Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires: I all the while
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.
Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,

While

While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
Burst forth all oracle and mystick song.

IMITATION IV.

CRITICKS avaunt; TOBACCO is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
POLLIO, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of smuff;
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
Lord FOPLIN smokes not—for his teeth afraid:
Sir TAWDRY smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town:
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—spit.
CITRONIA vows it has an odious stink;
She will not smoke (ye gods!)—but she will drink:
And chaste PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:
Fame, of our actions universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—ev'ry thing.

IMITA-

I M I T A T I O N V.

BLEST leaf! whose aromattick gales dispense
 To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
 So raptur'd priests, at fam'd DODONA's shrine,
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
 Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
 The last kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.
 Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
 By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near,
 Nor less the critick owns thy genial aid,
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade:
 What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau;
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

I M I T A T I O N VI.

BOY! bring an ounce of FREEMAN's best,
 And bid the vicar be my guest:
 Let all be plac'd in manner due,
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,
 And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
 Of use to light a pipe, or * *

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 305

* * * * *
* * * * *

This village, unmolested yet
By troopers, shall be my retreat :
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray ;
Who cannot write or vote for *.
Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
In sweet oblivion lulls the land ;
Of all which at Vienna passes,
As ignorant as * * Brags is :
And scorning rascals to cares,
Extol the days of good Queen Bess,
When first TOBACCO blest our isle,
Then think of other Queens—and smile.

Come jovial pipe, and bring along
Midnight revelry and song ;
The merry catch, the madrigal,
That ecchoes sweet in City Hall ;
The parson's pun, the smutty tale
Of country justice o'er his ale.
I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin :
Britons, if undone, can go,
Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

The

The Enthusiast; or the Lover of Nature.

J. WARTON.

YE green-rob'd Dryads, oft at dusky eve
 By wondering shepherds seen, to forest brown,
 To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,
 Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.
 Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimick gods,
 Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns
 Of high relief; can the long, spreading lake,
 Or vista lessening to the sight; can Stow
 With all her Attick fanes, such raptures raise,
 As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
 The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,
 And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,
 While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots
 O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
 Hum drowsy lullabies? The bards of old,
 Fair Nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm
 Sweet Echo with their songs; oft' too they met
 In summer evenings, near sequester'd bow'rs,
 Or mountain-nymph, or muse, and eager learn'd
 The moral strains she taught to mend mankind.
 As to a secret grot *Ægeria* stole
 With patriot *Numa*, and in silent night
 Whisper'd him sacred laws, he list'ning sat
 Rapt with her virtuous voice, old *Tyber* lean'd
 Attentive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.

Rich

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 307

Rich in her weeping country's spoils Versailles
May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast
The tortur'd waters to the distant heav'ns ;
Yet let me choose some pine-top'd precipice
Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,
Like Anio, tumbling roars ; or some bleak heath,
Where straggling stands the mournful juniper,
Oryew-tree scath'd ; while in clear prospect round,
From the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smoke
In bluish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,
Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
Of Gothick battlements appear, and streams
Beneath the sun-beams twinkle—The shrill lark,
That wakes the wood-man to his early task,
Or love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays
Sooth lone night wanderers, the moaning dove
Pitied by listening milk-maid, far excel
The deep-mouth viol, the soul-lulling lute,
And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds !
That please not like the choristers of air,
When first they hail th' approach of laughing May.

Can Kent design like Nature ? Mark where Thames
Plenty and pleasure pours thro' * Lincoln's meads ;
Can the great artist, tho' with taste supreme
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add ?
Tho' he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
Formality and method, round and square
Disdaining, plains irregularly great.

* *The earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surrey,
one of the finest spots in Europe.*

Creative

308 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd rose,
And golden crocus?—Yet with these the maid,
Phyllis or Phœbe at a feast or wake,
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,
In innocence and home-spun vestments dress'd,
Than if coerulean sapphires at her ears
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-cross
Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.

Yon' shepherd idly stretch'd on the rude rock,
Listening to dashing waves, and sea-mews clang
High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
Feels more true bliss than the proud admiral,
Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold
And silken streamers, tho' his lordly nod
Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.
And great Æneas * gaz'd with more delight
On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
Descending shook his direful Ægis black)
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
Exhausted to enrich its stately head.
More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cott
On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,

* *Æneid* VIII.

Than

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 309

Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
His royal guest, and bade his minstrels sound
Soft slumb'rous Lydian airs, to sooth his rest.

* Happy the first of men, ere yet confin'd
To smoaky cities; who in sheltering groves,
Warm caves, and deep-sunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,
By cares unwounded; what the sun and showers,
And genial earth untillag'd could produce,
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,
Or blushing berry; by the liquid lapse
Of murm'ring waters call'd to slake their thirst,
Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe;
With nymphs who fondly clasp their fav'rite youths,
Unaw'd by shame beneath the beechen shade,
Nor wiles, nor artificial coyness knew.

Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats;
Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:

Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,
O whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
While avarice waves his golden wand around,
Abhorr'd magician, and his costly cup
Prepares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the souls
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.

In earth's first infancy (as sung the † bard,
Who strongly painted what he boldly thought)
'Tho' the fierce north oft smote with iron whip

* See *Lucretius*, lib. v.

† *Lucretius*.

310 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Their shiv'ring limbs, tho' oft the bristly boar
 Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,
 And scar'd them from their moss-grown caves to rove
 Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;
 Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields
 Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas
 O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and shrieking crew;
 In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt
 The jolly sailor unsuspecting harm,
 For commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,
 Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard
 The dashing oar: then famine, want, and pine,
 Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us
 Diseaseful dainties, riot and excess,
 And feverish luxury destroy. In brakes
 Or marshes wild unknowingly they crop'd
 Herbs of malignant juice, to realms remote
 While we for powerful poisons madly roam.
 From ev'ry noxious herb collecting death.
 What tho' unknown to those primæval fires
 The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
 By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown
 The shapely column, and the crumbling busts
 Of awful ancestors in long descent?
 Yet why should man mistaken deem it nobler
 To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
 Than in God's forests, architect supreme!
 Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's
 Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
 Or softer to the votaries of ease

Than

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 311

Than bladed grass, perfum'd with dew-drop'd
flow'rs?

O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,
Should proudly banish nature's simple charms!
All-beauteous nature! by thy boundless charms
Oppress'd, O where shall I begin thy praise,
Where turn th' ecstatic eye, how ease my breast
That pants with wild astonishment and love!
Dark forests, and the op'ning lawn, refresh'd
With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay colour'd close,
So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the distant water-fall
Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze,
The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs
His dappled-mate, stung with intense desire,
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,
The chearful sun that thro' earth's vitals pours
Delight and health and heat; all, all conspire,
To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind,
To lift on wings of praise, to the great Sire
Of being and of beauty, at whose nod
Creation started from the gloomy vault
Of dreary Chaos, while the griesly king
Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.

What are the lays of artful Addison,
Coldly correct, to Shakespear's warbling wild?

Whom

312 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
 Fair fancy found, and bore the smiling babe
 To a close cavern: (still the shepherds shew
 The sacred place, whence with religious awe
 They hear, returning from the field at eve,
 Strange whisp'ring of sweet music thro' the air)
 Here, as with honey gathered from the rock,
 She fed the little prattler, and with songs
 Oft sooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
 On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

Oft near some crowded city would I walk,
 Listening the far-off noises, rattling cars,
 Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells
 Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,
 Striking mine ears with one deep-swelling hum.
 Or wand'ring near the sea, attend the sounds
 Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.
 Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,
 And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine
 To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit,
 Pensively musing on the outrageous crimes
 That wake heav'n's vengeance: at such solemn
 hours,

Dæmons and goblins thro' the dark air shriek,
 While Hecat, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,
 Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and death.
 Then too, they say, in drear Ægyptian wilds
 The lion and the tyger prowl for prey
 With roarings loud! the list'ning traveller
 Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
 Of pyramids increase the deathful sounds.

But

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 313

But let me never fail in cloudless nights,
When silent Cynthia in her silver car
Thro' the blue concave slides, when shine the hills,
Twinkle the streams, and woods look tipt with
gold,

To seek some level mead, and there invoke
Old midnight's sister Contemplation sage,
(Queen of the rugged brow, and stern-fix'd eye)
To lift my soul above this little earth,
This folly-fetter'd world : to purge my ears,
That I may hear the rolling planet's song,
And tuneful turning spheres : if this be barr'd,
The little Fayses that dance in neighbouring dales,
Sipping the night-dew; while they laugh and love,
Shall charm me with ærial notes.——As thus

I wander musing, lo, what awful forms
Yonder appear ! sharp-ey'd Philosophy
Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,
First meets my eye ; next, virgin Solitude
Serene, who blushes at each gazer's sight ;
Then Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
Trembling and bent with age ; last Virtue's self
Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her side,
A naked boy !—Harass'd with fear I stop,
I gaze, when Virtue thus—' Whoe'er thou art,
' Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld
' In these my midnight walks ; depart, and say
' That henceforth I and my immortal train
' Forsake Britannia's isle ; who fondly stoops

P

' To

314 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

‘ To Vice, her favourite paramour.’—She spoke,
And as she turn’d, her round and rosy neck,
Her flowing train, and long ambrosial hair,
Breathing rich odours, I enamour’d view.

O who will bear me then to western climes,
(Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
Yet unpolluted with Iberian swords:
The isles of innocence, from mortal view
Deeply retir’d, beneath a plantane’s shade,
Where Happiness and Quiet sit enthron’d,
With simple Indian swains, that I may hunt
The boar and tiger thro’ Savannahs wild,
Thro’ fragrant deserts, and thro’ citron groves.
There fed on dates and herbs, would I despise
The far-fetch’d cates of Luxury, and hoards
Of narrow-hearted Avarice; nor heed
The distant din of the tumultuous world.
So when rude whirlwinds rouse the roaring main,
Beneath fair Thetis sits, in coral caves,
Serenely gay, nor sinking sailors’ cries
Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form
The light fantastick dance, or for her hair
Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes
Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.

An Ode to Fancy. J. WHARTON.

O Parent of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fat'ling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand,
 An all commanding magick wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
 'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea.
 While the vast various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
 O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of water you reside,

316 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,
 'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cott was rear'd,
 Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
 Majestick on a craggy throne;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest:
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Rapt in some wild, poetick dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove;
 Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
 Strange whisper'd musick in my ear,
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
 By the sweetly-soothing sound!
 Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
 Where JOY and white-rob'd PEACE resort,
 And VENUS keeps her festive court,
 Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,

Nodding

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 317

Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
 Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads;
 Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song:
 Yet not these flowery fields of joy
 Can long my pensive mind employ,
 Haste, FANCY, from the scenes of folly
 To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe,
 To Gothick churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
 Or to some Abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
 Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 While whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire,
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat;
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo! the base GALLIC squadrons fly;

318 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
 To battle hurries me away?
 'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
 Where mad with pain, the wounded bleed
 Tramples the dying and the dead:
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With sullen joy surveys the ground,
 And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!

O guide me from this horrid scene
 To high-arch walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely LURA seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun;
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou can'st place me near my love,
 Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence!
 When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
 When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
 When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,

At

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 319

At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.
O warm, enthusiastick maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
Who with some new, unequall'd song
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;

320 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold criticks' studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE !

*To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of King
George I.* ADDISON.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see *Britannia's* Monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade:
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, and every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And *Albion's* happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face,
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land !
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,

Whilst

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 321

Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,
With its bright rounds of titles graced,
And stamp'd on *British* coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs fought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His Brother with dejected air :
Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd ;
There *Anna*, great as when she sent
Her armies thro' the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd :
O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
(Tho' heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)

322 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The last, the happiest *British* king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing !

Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
Thro' many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine ;
'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there ;
Old *Saturn* too with up-cast eyes,
Beheld his abdicated skies ;
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
In adamantinè armour frown'd ;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads ; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung :
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The *Titan* race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand :
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,

That,

That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a *George*, or carv'd a *Jove*?

Character of Atticus. POPE.

— **B**UT were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease!
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend:
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he!

An Address to the Deity. YOUNG.

O THOU great arbiter of life and death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow ;
 To drink the spirit of the golden day ;
 And triumph in existence ; and couldst know
 No motive, but my bliss. And hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing ; with the *Patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;
 I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust ;
 Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs !
 All weight in this——O let me live to Thee !

Another Address to the Deity. THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life ! Thou GOOD
 SUPREME !
 O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

A HYMN. THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,

Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast:

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,

Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;

And

326 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds ev'ry creature ; hurls the tempest forth,
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness
 breathes :

Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms !
 Where o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage,
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice

Or

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 327

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam HIS praise.
'The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD
reigns;

And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night HIS praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,

Crown

328 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll.
 For me when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
 Rustles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat;

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where HE vital spreads there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go,
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,

Sustaining

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 329

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,
In infinite progression. — But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue. POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.

330 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise ;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face, he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,

Explores

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 331

Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs;
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet,

The

332 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THE END.



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